

POETICAL

PROLUSIONS.



POETICAL
PROLUSIONS.

BY
JOHN GLANVILLE. R

SCRIBIMUS INDOCTI DOCTIQUE POEMATATA PASSIM.

HOR. EPIST. I. B. 2.

. I ONLY TRANSIENT VISITS PAY,
MEETING THE MUSES IN MY WAY;
SCARCE KNOWN TO THE FASTIDIOUS DAMES,
OR SKILL'D TO CALL THEM BY THEIR NAMES,

GREEN.



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PREFACE.

IN this our day, a Volume of Poems is, perhaps, a Work of supererogation.

“ Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ, ”
said honest old Horace, nearly two thousand years ago. This seems of itself to demand some palliative Preface to every subsequent attempt; but it is a truth, which I believe holds universally, that, the more requisite the Apology, the more difficult it is to frame it. What, then, can be said, when, as in the present case, the Occasion which induces was so obviously avoidable——the best resource is

a

SILENCE.

SILENCE. Yet, with respect to the following Prolusions, the Author finds it *necessary* to say, that, among them, there are some which have already appeared in the ephemeral Publications of the moment in which they were written, and are, as by internal evidence is, perhaps, sufficiently demonstrated, the productions of the earlier hours of life: his late years, however, has not left them unrevised, nor, as he hopes, unamended. A few there are, to which he has little other merit than that of presenting them to the world, which a Friend, to whom he is proud to be indebted, has kindly favoured him with. That he has not in any particular manner distinguished them from his own, is from the conviction—that their superior Elegance, and the Discernment of the Reader, will render any such discrimination superfluous.

Thus

Thus much being premised, the Author takes his leave. It were a licentious abuse of the Reader's patience to extend it even to the Preface: it would be, besides, impolitic to diminish at all the stock of a virtue on which he is about to make so ample a demand, and on the abundance of which he has so much to depend.

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 demand, and on the abundance of which he has so
 much to depend.

TO THE
HONOURABLE,
LORD
DE DUNSTANVILLE,
8c. 8c.



MY LORD,

THE common-place language of dedicatory addresses, is usually so revolting to the delicacy of a noble and elevated mind,—and the difficulty of celebrating a character distinguished by the best endowments of the head and heart, without risque of wounding that delicacy by the warmth of commendation, is so great,---that I feel myself compelled to relinquish a dedication to you of a work, to whose author your countenance has done so much honor. This disappointment affects me the

B

less,

less, when I recollect how superfluous it were to extol that worth, of which all who know you, are alike forward to value, and to praise.

Fortunately, Fame and Renown are not objects of primary pursuit to a mind like your's; for, were they, I should be humbled not a little, by the consciousness, that nothing could be contributed to either by any eulogium which might fall from the pen of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Respectful,

And greatly obliged,

Humble Servant,

JOHN GLANVILLE.

ST. JAMES'S STREET,
NOV. 1799.

POETICAL
PROLUSIONS.

INVOCATION

TO

FANCY.

WHAT time suspended floats on high
Night's waving lamp, whose tranquil blaze
Adds lustre to thy sparkling eye,
As o'er the mountain's gradual swell,
It throws, with still delight, its glitt'ring rays—
My youth, O, **FANCY** ! lov'd to trace
Thy changeful form from place to place ;—

With rapture has my eye survey'd,
 When influenc'd by thy magic spell,
 With lightning-glance, thy varying shade;
 Has seen thee when the *sapient flame*,
 Faint glimm'ring from the hermit's cell,
 Shed o'er the *wizard waste* its peaceful gleam;
 Has seen thee then, deep-musing, roam
 To watch the fountain's fretful foam
 With sparkling rage repel the darkly-winding
 stream.

Teach me each mournful scene to share,
 As rapt I clasp thy trembling hand;
 Ah! then, thy willing vot'ry lead
 Thro' the sad, solitary tracks of mind;
 Where all is darkness—all with dread replete—
 Steal with me to yon rude retreat;
 Where Anguish, lonely roving 'mid the dead,
 Deep mourns—but mourns in vain——Hope's
 fairy vision fled!

Near

Near where the jet-wing'd ravens dwell,
Of elves—and sprites—and visions tell;
At eve, as round the lofty tow'r
The dull bat swiftly flits;
And, 'mid the havock of the howling storm,
Gigantic Ruin fits,
Hailing the ruthless shocks which Nature's face
deform.

When mirthful Morn begins to rise,
Pouring along the glowing skies
A flood of vap'ry flame;
And smiling Loves, on Zephyrs borne,
Throng round her sapphire throne,
And Venus, laughter-loving dame,
And the Graces, in the wave
Delight in wanton mood their lucid limbs to lave.

Or when grey Twilight softly steals
Down the rough mountain's shadowy steep,
Spreading, with viewless hand, her sober veil
O'er the blue violet's expanding bloom;—

Ah! then conduct my wand'ring feet
 Where flow'rets gay their moisten'd sweets exhale;
 Where the rock-rose and woodbine meet,
 To fling their fragrance on the sportive gale.
 Behold, the Sun, with fervid ray,
 O'er the wide streamlet clear and cold,
 Casts a strong gleam of fluid gold;
 And, from yon cloud that gilds the day,
 Bursts on my ear the warbling lay:
 The lark on jocund wing salutes the morn,
 The echoing cave the strains prolong;
 Notes sprightly now, and now forlorn,
 Breathe thro' the fresh'ning shade in variegated
 song.

In scenes like these, with footsteps wild,
 Thou lov'st to tread the wild'ring maze:
 Within thine airy car reclin'd,
 Thy vivid pencil joys to trace
 Secrete from mortal eye,—“The shadowy tribes of
 mind.”

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO THE SPIRIT OF CHATTERTON.

FULL OFT UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
 HE WORE HIS ENDLESS NOONS ALONE,
 AMID TH' AUTUMNAL WOOD;
 OFT WAS HE WENT, IN HASTY FIT,
 ABRUPT, THE SOCIAL BAND TO QUIT,
 AND GAZE WITH EAGER GLANCE UPON THE TUMBLING FLOOD.

Warton

O THOU! that was't of purer fire,
 Belov'd of Genius, to Despair consign'd,
 What chill'd the fervor of thy noble mind,
 When wand'ring in life's early morn,
 Pensive, destitute, forlorn,
 Thy wayward hand first swept the golden lyre?

 Struck by thy fingers, trembling, cold,
 Sounds strong, enthusiastic, bold,
 Burst from the antique wire!
 Alas! those notes, so wildly sweet,
 Which cheer'd Misfortune's deep retreat,
 Taught thee—distracting thought!—but earlier to
 expire!

Ah! where is now the mournful Muse,
 Whose glowing hand divinely spread
 The wreath of ever-blooming hues
 Around thine infant head,
 And to thy song, sublime, such grandeur gave?
 While pond'ring Fancy would delight
 Before thy aching sight to wave
 Her quickly-varying tints of many-colour'd light.

Say, doth thy viewless form reside
 Near the lone mould'ring turret's side,
 Or near the mountain's cheerless cell
 The sable heath, or shadowy dell,
 Or dost thou feed the swelling rose
 With genial dews at Evening's close,
 Or is it, say, thy warmth benign,
 Which in some souls superior shine,
 Dost thou, oh, gentle spirit, shed
 On Misery's devoted head
 The lenient balm that heals the wounds of Woe—

Or

Or dost thou wipe the moisten'd eye—
 Suppress pale Sorrow's hopeless sigh—
 Succour th' expiring wretch, that fain in peace
 would die?

Parent of Suicide!—oh, Phrenzy!—say,
 What doth thine agonies allay,
 Who clears thy bed of many a pointed thorn—
 Who bathes with tears thy bosom bare—
 Smooths thy black tresses, flowing wild—
 And hides from vulgar sight thine Eye's fierce glare?

'Tis he who once hath known too well
 To pluck the pale and fading flowers
 From Earth's cold bed
 By Sympathy's bland influence led;
 His pitying spirit mildly soothes,
 With tenderest voice, thy raving hours;
 Awakes the soft harp's solemn strings,
 And, to thy burning brain, some sweet illusion
 brings;—

Wafts

Wafts each quaint, shapeless form along,
Tends thy disorder'd couch with ceaseless care,
Pours on thy Fancy's ear the warbling song,
And cheers thine ever-varying woe,
With numbers softly sweet, and musically flow.—

Oh, gentle spirit! were it mine
To touch the shrilling chords with skill like thine,
Thy strains again should flow—again should charm
the Nine.

TO POVERTY.

NYMPH of the threadbare garb, and haggard
eye,

Whose cheeks, disdaining to disclose

Ought of the lilly or the rose,

Exulting vaunts the crocus' yellow dye.

All Hail! for thou full many a day

Hast been the lone companion of my way;

And therefore will I pay to thee

This tributary lay:—

Near the wide waste, o'er which the whirlwinds roar

Resistless, haply is thy home;

Yet cannot thy chill melancholy dome

Exclude the tempest's blast, or lightning's pow'r,

Or, near the time-worn turret's height

To shroud thee dost thou there delight;

Where, on thy straw-bed, swoln with woes,

Thy burning bosom vainly seeks repose.

I see

I see thee, now, in every horror clad,
 Stalking before my aching sight;
 Thine eyes averted from the light—
 Folded thy arms—thy pace desponding, sad!
 While the bleak blasts that to the air
 Scatter thy garment—long worn bare,
 Disclose a form so ghastly—thin;
 And bones that seem just starting from the skin!

And onward as thou urgest thy career,
 Affrighted mortal's fearful fly;
 Dreading the baneful influence of thine eye;
 Or, tremblingly, behold thy presence near:
 E'en he, whom hoards of wealth surround,
 Shrinks at thy voice's sorrowing sound;
 Flies to his gold—and counts it o'er,
 Then locks it up—and shuts on thee his door.

At my obscure and humble cell,
 Too well, wan maid, thy form is known;
 For I, long us'd to Fortune's frown,
 Have learn't with thee and Misery to dwell:

Thy

Thy deep distresses, well I know,
Have felt thy each attendant woe ;
Nor is the pleasure mine to prove
The soothing voice of parents' love!

Yet will I not of thee, stern nymph, complain,
That thus life's humble vale along,
“ Scarce notic'd of the passing throng,”

I breathe an artless, unambitious strain :
For thou hast damp'd th' aspiring flame
That once impell'd me on to fame ;
And taught my soul to hope for peace,
When life and all its ills shall cease.

AN ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF WARTON.

YE hallow'd Nine ! whose solemn shell
 Woos hapless Sorrow from her drear retreat,
 Oh, gently wake the warbling swell,
 Pour forth those tones divinely sweet,
 Such as the fainted soul enchain ;
 Departed worth demands thy strain ;
 Demands the tear of artless woe,
 Bids the soft stream of pity flow,
 The mournful heart to throb, the pallid cheek
 to glow.

In vain, when Twilight weeps the closing flow'r,
 To listen, WARTON, to thy manly song ;
 Shall FANCY call around each magic pow'r,
 Or trace thy wand'ring step the mead along :
 In vain shall seek thee near the mountain's side,
 The Dryad's haunt, the forest wide—
 Her pensive progress meets the vap'ry show'r.

Thy

Thy solemn knell strikes on her musing ear,
Ah ! fatal prelude to the mournful tale ;
She in her bosom hides the falling tear,
Shrinks back at ev'ry step, and starts at ev'ry gale.

Where is thy fav'rite child, O, Genius ! speak,
Say, where is now thy boasted pride ?
Alas ! the white rose taints his faded cheek :
Cold is that hand which struck thy dulcet lyre !
He's gone !—who, gifted with thy brightest beam,
Spread thy sweet influence far and wide ;
Fled from yon sculptur'd tomb, his soul of fire
O'er Heav'n's pure azure throws its radiant gleam :
That voice which stole in mournful woe,
Along the checquer'd vale below,
Now swells with holy strains th' angelic choir !

When cavern'd Silence, rous'd from her dull dream,
Counts the slow bell which tolls the passing
hour,
And o'er the ivy-mantled tow'r
The wan Moon throws her softest beam ;

Then

Then, Music!—love-lorn, melancholy maid—
Sweep o'er the trembling harp thy hand divine,
Oh! strike the plaintive chords, for it is thine
To soothe thy votary's ling'ring shade:
For well he knew to feel on earth
That vivid spark of heav'nly birth,
Which marks th' exalted soul in all its
radiant worth.

FARE-

FAREWELL TO REFLECTION.

AN ODE.

OH! why, REFLECTION, prompt the burning tear,
 The pang convulsive, and the hopeless sigh,
 Those fatal preludes to despair;
 Why on my fancy paint sad scenes of future care?
 When near the slow Farewell of parting light,
 I see thee gliding thro' the shadowy gloom,
 Thy languid form distracts my aching sight,
 And leads my mind to *friendship* and the *tomb*:
 It brings those trains of thought which sweetly steal
 O'er hearts by Nature keenly taught to feel.

Leave, then, oh, leave the pensive bow'r,
 The steep-brow'd hill, the high-arch'd tow'r;
 And at mild Evening's gradual close,
 When the cold Moon's refracted light
 Laces the sable skirts of Night,
 Retire, *alone*, to weep thy woes:

C

Mourn

Mourn the lost hours which fled so fast,
Obscur'd by faults and follies past;
Tell to the passing wind thy hapless tale,
To *me* thy whispers cannot *now* avail.
Sooth, penfive Echo, with thy sorrowing shell;
Go—henceforth weep alone—farewell, farewell!

ODE TO PITY.

HAIL! lovely Nymph, whose pensive mien
 Within each sad recess is seen,
 Weeping the love-lorn tale;
 Whose winning accents oft I hear,
 So softly wild, so sweetly clear,
 Breathe through the lonely vale.

Not all the beauties that adorn
 The rich resplendence of the Morn,
 To me, are half so sweet
 As are those mild and tender beams,
 Which from thine up-rais'd eye-lid streams,
 In Sorrow's cold retreat!

When Misery's wan and faded form
 Abides the fury of the storm,
 Depriv'd of ev'ry friend;
 Then dost thou gently raise her head,
 And to some low, protective shed,
 Her trembling footsteps bend.

With all the eloquence of youth,
To thee her tale of flighted truth
 The artless virgin tells :
While on her bosom, white as snow,
And on her cheek all pale with woe,
 Thine eye alternate dwells.

To me the pearl is not so dear
As is that gentle, gen'rous tear,
 Just glist'ning in thine eye ;
Nor yet so sweet, from yonder dell,
The sylvan harp's celestial swell,
 As is thy mournful sigh.

Give me, when pensive and alone,
To hear thy lorn lute's mellow tone,
 At eve, the woods among ;
For thou each painful thought can'st cheer,
Sad warbling on the Night's dull ear,
 Thy slow, expressive song.

Angelic

Angelic form! enthron'd in Heav'n,
Oh! be thy pow'rs to me but giv'n,
Let me thy influence own;
My earliest vows thou shalt receive,
Altho', perhaps, thou wilt not heave
One sigh when I am gone!

WRITTEN
ON THE
BANKS OF THE THAMES.

NOW Ev'ning's dusky shadows slowly shrow'd
Th' extended landscape, and horison's verge;
The Moon's bright fires are quench'd within a cloud,
Their lustre feebly flinging on the furge.

The curling billows thronging to the shore,
The hollow murmur of the sounding main;
The frequent dashing of the distant oar,
Sooth, for a while, the keenest sense of pain.

Lo! from her orient bed yon dewy Star
Rushes to chear the gloomy vault of night,
And, as she rolls her pearly axled car,
Scatters around her smiles of mantling light.

Here, with *Maria*, have I paus'd, to view,
Sweet orb, thy course ascending o'er yon wood,
Marking thy paly lustre, as it flew,
Strëw liquid pearls upon the silver flood.

· With

With rapture on the scene my heart beats high,
Its local magic chafes wan Despair ;
But, as I turn, alas ! to share my joy,
Maria's absence starts the secret tear !

Yet still is left one thought of pure delight ;
Yon half-ris'n orb will soon *more* brilliant be ;
And, flaming in the forehead of the Night,
Catch her dear Eyes, and then she'll think of me !

TO NIGHT.

OH, NIGHT! mild source of sweetest song,
 Whilst round thee airy minstrels throng,
 I'll blend with their's my softest note,
 With their's I'll bid my vespers float;
 For whilst I tune my lyre to thee,
Maria then will think on me.

Let others vaunt the Morning's beams,
 Whose liquid couch bright purple streams;
 Or hail the gaudy Lord of Day,
 Whilst vapr'y clouds improve his ray:
 No charms but in the Night I see,
 For then I know she thinks of me.

Come, then, chaste Night, in glory haste,
 Enlight'ning all thy sombre waste
 With glowing fires:—let ev'ry star,
 That rolls his rich refulgent car
 O'er thy blue vault, *more* brilliant be,
 To charm her whilst she thinks on me,

And,

And, oh, unveil thy modest Moon,
With all the graces of her noon;
Enthroned in her pearly chair,
Spread her light ermine thro' the air;
Her cloudless beam she'll joy to see,
And then I know she'll think on me.

Bid the clear Stream preserve her form;
And on her glass no ruffling storm,
Or captious hurricane that blows,
E'er break her beamy orb's repose;
For, fondly, there 'twill resting be
Whilst on its banks she thinks on me.

Down every mountain's side be roll'd
The bright effulgence of thy gold;
On every straw-crown'd cot be seen,
And richly edge each fairy green,
Whose circling troops, with sportive glee,
Shall cheer her whilst she thinks of me.

Repress

Reprefs thy rude, impetuous floods,
But *wake* to fong thy *flumb'ring* woods;
Oh! NIGHT, on every shadowy fpray
Seek the chafte bird that fhuns the day;
His long-pent notes from filence free,
Lefs sweet than her's who thinks of me.

Yet, sweet *they* are—how sweet the trills
Which Paflion from her heart diftills:
Fond Fairies round each hoary oak
The feeling ftrains fhall oft invoke;
And *Hamadryads* watch the tree,
Whofe fhade guards her who thinks on me.

Thus on thy altar, hallow'd Night,
Whilst conftellations fhed firm light,
And ftars, erratic, dart their beams,
And from the North, Day's mirror fstreams;
My humble verfe thou fhalt fee
Inspir'd by her who thinks on me.

For

For know, that tho' thy praise I've sung,
And on thy scenes with rapture hung,
And, borne on proud poetic flight,
Seem'd soaring to thy wilds of Light;
Yet will I own, whilst hymning thee,
I saw but her who thinks on me.

But, Goddess, do not blame my strain,
Or deem my adoration vain;
For all thy orbs of crystal glow,
Thy fleecy fields, thy downs of snow,
Flash not such splendor on thy fame,
Give not such honor to thy name,
As now thou gain'st by *Love's* decree,
Which wreath's thee thus with her who thinks on me.

TO

TO THE SAME.

DREAD Goddess, whom I lately sung,
For whom a chosen lyre I strung,
For whom my tenderest numbers flow'd,
For whom the cherub FANCY glow'd;
Call'd forth thy attributes to view,
And seiz'd each beauty as it flew;
The lyre has ceas'd, the song is o'er,
Maria thinks on me no more.

How dares yon flaming Torch on high
Hold its proud course along the sky;
That gaudy Moon, absorb her light,
Repress her radiance, pitying Night;
She vainly deems her pearly horn
Will emulate the beamy Morn:
Thy raven darkness round her pour,
Maria thinks on me no more.

Rivers

Obscure the solitary wave,
 In which the Stars their tresses lave;
 When to the Earth they send their streams,
 Rushing in a flood of beams;
 O'er plain and alp they swiftly roll,
 And glitter at the distant pole:
 Goddess, thy deepest shades restore,
Maria thinks on me no more.

And why should yonder fragrant Grove,
 Where fresh'ning Zephyrs playful rove,
 Where in the shadows, born of Day,
 The Bullfinch carols forth his lay,
 Still boast its breeze, still chaunt its song?
 Let not the trembling leaves among,
 The Nightingale's soft warblings pour,
Maria thinks on me no more.

Oh, NIGHT! assert thy magic power,
 Swift issue from thy solemn tower,
 Snatch from the North thy deadliest blast,
 Let thy black pall o'er earth be cast;

Let

Let every flow'r its fragrance lose,
And *Ceres* drink thy blighting dews;
The gloomiest ruin I'll adore,
Since now she thinks on me no more.

Thy vivid colours, bid them go
To deck the dome unknown to woe;
Are not *Despair* and *Horror* thine,
The Madman's howl, the Murd'rer's shrine,
The Fens gross flame, the Owl's lorn shriek,
Thin Sprites that glide, but never speak?
Sweep Light, then, from thy starry floor,
For, oh! she thinks on me no more.

And dar'd I bid thee wake each scene,
And shake thy bright Hair o'er the green;
And did I vaunt thy dusky robe,
Folded around our pendant Globe,
With brilliant Stars embroider'd round,
Trembling athwart the blue profound?
I did—I did—and as I sung,
Thy lofty Emperean rung.

Thou

Thou heard'st me, NIGHT! thy vault I fill'd,
Thy praise thro' all th' horizon trill'd,
The mountain Echoes caught the notes,
And bore them in their airy throats;
Pleas'd FANCY list'ned to the lyre,
And touch'd its strings, and fed its fire;
Unveil'd thee to my wond'ring eye,
And bade me chase thee thro' the sky;
But now the song, the praise is o'er,
I struck the lyre for her who thinks on me no more.

RYNO

Should it be thought that the Writer has failed in his attempt to verify the two little pieces which follow, he hopes the opportunity it gives him of introducing the elegant fragments, which induced it, will be an apology for the failure.

RYNO AND ALPIN.

A HIGHLAND FRAGMENT.

THE winds and rain are over, and calm is the noon-day;—the clouds are divided in Heaven;—over the green hill flies the inconstant sun;—red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill—sweet are thy murmurs, oh, Stream!—but more sweet is the voice I hear;—’tis the voice of ALPIN! son of song—mourning the dead!—Bent is his head of age—and red his tearful eye.—ALPIN—thou son of song!—why alone on the silent hill;—why complaine’st thou, as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?—

My tears, oh! RYNO, are for the dead!—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave!—Tall thou art on the hill—fair amongst the sons of the plain;—but
thou

thou shalt fall like *Morar*!—and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb!—thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, oh, *Morar*! as the roe on the hill;—terrible as a meteor of fire!—thy wrath was a storm of December!—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field!—thy voice was like a stream after rain!—like thunder on distant hills!—Many fell by thy arm—they were consumed by thee in the flames of thy wrath!—but when thou returnest from war, how peaceful was thy brow;—thy face was like the sun after rain,—like the moon in the silence of night,—calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is laid!—Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thy abode;—with six steps I compass thy grave:—Oh, thou! who wast so great before—four stones, with thin heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee!—a tree with scarce a leaf!—long grass, which whistles in the wind!—Mark, too, the hunter's eye thy grave!—*Morar*, thou art low, indeed!—thou hast no mother to

D

mourn

mourn thee!—no maid with her tears of love!—dead is she that brought thee forth!—fallen is the daughter of *Morglan*!—Who, on his staff, is this—whose head is white with age?—whose eyes are red with tears—who quakes at every step?—It is thy father, oh, *Morar*!—the father of none but thee!—He heard of thy fame in battle!—he heard of foes dispersed!—he heard of *Morar's* fame!—why did he not hear of his wound?—Weep, thou father of *Morar*!—weep—but thy son hearest thee not;—Deep is the sleep of the dead!—low their pillow of dust!—no more shall he hear thy voice,—no more shall he awake, as at thy call!—When shall it be morn in the grave—to bid the slumberer awake?

Farewell, thou bravest of men!—thou conqueror in the field!—but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lighted with the splendor of thy steel!—thou hast left no son;—but the song shall preserve thy name!—future times shall hear of thee,—they shall hear of the fallen *Morar*!

The

The same in Verse.

THE winds are hush'd, the driving tempest's o'er,
 And the sun's mid-day beams obscur'd no more;
 The clouds dispersing in the troubled sky,
 O'er the deep vale in quick succession fly;
 Red from the mountain roll with headlong force,
 Descending streams, a torrent in their course:
 Sweet meets the dashing cataract mine ear,
 But sweeter far the tuneful voice I hear:
 Ah! 'tis the voice of *Alpin*, son of song,
 Mourning the dead—to him the dead belong;
 Oppress'd with grief, and bending as with years,
 His streaming eyes enflam'd by Sorrow's tears!
 Why, master of the song, thus waste thy skill,
 Alone—unheeded—on the desert hill?
 Why flows thy strain as waves that lash the shore,
 Or as the passing wind that's heard no more?

Rynd, the song which sorrowing caught thine ears,
 Are *Morar's* due, for him I shed those tears:—

D 2

Thou,

Thou, tho' now youthful honours grace thy head,
Must soon be number'd with the silent dead ;
Tho' Health has strew'd thy cheek with roses fair,
And lent thee strength to chase the bounding deer ;
Tho' Friendship now its cheering rays impart,
And Love, exulting, dances at thy heart ;
Tho' ev'ry blooming fair thy passion meets,
And proudly strews thy path with lavish sweets ;
From *Morar's* doom, alas ! no pow'rs can save,
Soon shall these pleasures yield thee to the grave ;
No more these woods shall echo with thy joy,
Neglected and unstrung thy bow shall lie !
Morar was swifter than the roe's light heel,
And direful, as a meteor, flam'd his steel ;
His rage was like the wintry tempest wild,
His sword, like lightning, gleam'd along the field ;
His voice was louder than the torrent's roar,
Or the hoarse wave that beats the fullen shore ;
Heroes on heroes fell beneath his arm,
As mists are scatter'd by the riving storm :
But once the battle o'er, and peace appear,
How would his smile the dark horizon clear ;

Calm

Calm as the silver Empress of the Sky,
 Or Summer seas, when hush'd the tempests lie !
 But, ah ! how different his abode we trace,
 With six short steps I compass now the place :—
 Great as he was, four stones with moss o'ergrown
 His sole memorial give ; the rest's unknown.
 One solitary oak, whose leaves are shed,
 The long dank weeds which whistle round his head,
 Those, and those only, to the hunter's eye
 Point the drear tomb where *Morar's* ashes lie !
 How low is *Morar* fallen !—on his bier
 No mother sheds the tributary tear ;
 No maid, to whom his vows of love he gave,
 Pours her soft sorrows on his silent grave :
 These limbs are cold his infant years that bore,
 And his lov'd fair, *Morana*, is no more !

But who, low bending o'er his staff, distress'd,
 At once with sorrow and with age oppress'd,
 Comes with weak step, and eyes surcharg'd with tears,
 A few grey hairs his rev'rend temple wears ?

'Tis *Morar's* father, his worn form I see,
Morar, the fire of none, alas! but thee!
 He learn'd thy mighty prowess in the field,
 Of martial hosts that fell beneath thy shield:
 Oh! why was it reserv'd for me to tell
 Of the deep wound by which, alas! he fell!
 O, fire of *Morar*, ever shalt thou mourn;
 Thy lov'd, lost *Morar* never shall return!
 Deep are his slumbers 'midst the mighty dead,
 Low in the dust the warrior's pillow's laid;
 No more with filial joy thy voice he hears,
 E'en battle's call unheeded meets his ears;
 His voice no more alarms the hostile field,
 Nor the dark forest lightens with his shield.—
 When, on the mould'ring urn, shall Morning break,
 That Morn which bids the slumb'ring dead awake?

Farewell, thou first of men, thy name, sublime,
 Shall live recorded on the rolls of Time;
 Tho' to no son descends thy honor'd name,
 The verse, the song, shall consecrate thy fame:
 The splendid record future times shall bear,
 And future warriors grace it with a tear!

A HIGH-

A HIGHLAND FRAGMENT.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains;—grey mists rest on the hills.

On the heath, dark rolls the river through the narrow plain.

A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the grave of *Connal*.

The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead.

At times, are seen here the ghosts of the dead, when the musing hunter stalks slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy race, O, *Connal*! and who recount thy fathers?—Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head.—Who shall supply thy place, O, *Connal*?

Here was the din of arms, and here was the groans of the dying!—Mournful are the wars of Fingal!—O, *Connal*, it was thou didst fall!—Thine arm was like a storm—thy sword a beam of the sky—thy height a rock on the plain—thine eyes a furnace of fire;—louder than a storm was thy voice. When thou confoundedst the field, warriors fell by thy sword, as the thistle by the staff of the boy!

Dargo, the mighty, came on like a cloud of thunder;—his brows were contracted, and dark—his eyes like two caves in a rock:—bright rose their swords on each side;—dire was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of *Rinval* was near—bright in the armour of man; her hair loose behind, her bow in her hand. She followed the youth to the war—*Connal*, her much beloved;—she drew the string at *Dargo*,—but, erring, pierced her *Connal*!—He falls, like an oak on the plain—like a rock from the

the

the shaggy hill!—What shall she do?—hapless maid!—He bleeds!—her *Connal* dies!—All the night long she cries—and all the day—O, *Connal*!—my love!—and my friend!—With grief the sad mourner died!

Earth here encloseth the loveliest pair on the hill:—the grass grows beneath the stones of their tombs.—I sit in the mournful shade;—the wind sighs through the grass;—and their memory rushes on my mind.—Undisturbed ye now sleep together;—on the tomb of the mountain you rest alone!

The

The same in Verse.

NOW Autumn in austere and surly mood
 Roll's her dark mists along the deep'ning wood ;
 O'er the dun heath the vengeful tempest roars,
 And the swollen rivers lash the founding shores.
 Lonely and sighing to surrounding gloom,
 A time-worn oak marks *Connal's* desert tomb ;
 Bleak winds had shook the honours from his head,
 And strew'd the mansion of the silent dead :
 Here, as the hunter traverses the green,
 (So Fancy paints) his pallid ghost is seen.—

Oh, valiant *Connal* ! who, lynx-ey'd, can pierce
 Back thro' the veil of Time the heroes fierce
 That mark'd thy line ?—oh, who shall trace,
 From warrior back to warrior, all thy race ?
 Strong as the mountain oak sublime they rose,
 Scatt'ring dismay and terror on their foes :—
 Now art thou fallen, fallen 'midst thy prime !—
 Who now shall spread their fame from clime to clime ?

Here

Here rose the clang of arms—the dying there
Groan'd from the stroke of mighty *Fingal's* spear:
Here mighty *Connal's* blood bedew'd the strand,
Whose vigorous arm no valour could withstand.
His strength resistless as the storm was found,
His sword, like lightning, gave no second wound;
Firm as the mountain oak his manly form,
His eye was lightning, and his voice the storm:—
As falls the reed before the furious blast,
So by his spear the proudest sunk to rest.—

The haughty *Dargo*, gloomy as a cloud,
Sternly advanc'd, hurling defiance loud:
Sunk were his eyes, his brows contracted low'r,
His frown was darker than the midnight hour.
Dire was the shock of arms when shield met shield,
The armies pause while they dispute the field:—
Rinval's fair daughter, *Cremora*, drew nigh,
Clad in bright arms, a stripling to the eye;
Loose to the wind her graceful tresses flow,
Her hand, unequal, strung the warrior-bow.
The beauteous maid had follow'd to the fight,
Connal, her heart's sole treasure and delight;

'Gainst

'Gainst *Dargo's* breast her erring string she drew,
 The trait'rous shaft, alas! her *Connal* flew!—
 He fell, so falls the oak, in evil hour,
 Or rock, uprooted by the whirlwind's pow'r!—
 Ah! hapless fair! what horrors round her rise;
 Breathless and cold, a corse, her *Connal* lies!
 Each day, ill-fated maid, thou'rt doom'd to weep,
 Each night thy restless couch in tears to sleep,
 Madly to rave, and, with thy latest breath,
 Call thy lov'd *Connal* from the shades of death.

Here rests, inclos'd within this verdant sod,
 The truest pair those hills have ever trod;
 Beside their silent tomb, where springs the blade,
 Sorrowing I sit beneath the mournful shade;
 And, as the reed sighs hollow to the wind,
 Their much-lov'd mem'ry presses on my mind,
 Together here they sleep, to pain unknown;
 Enshrin'd within the tomb they rest alone!

LINES

ON A

FAVOURITE WHITE CAT.

HAIL! *Dolce*, darling of the feline race,
Let each fleck pufs thy charms superior own;
The milder beauties of thy harmless face,
Thy filky paw, thy coat of softest down.

'Midst the drear fog of rude November's night,
Straying, with devious step, the streets around,
(A starvling kitten then) in saddest plight,
By luckiest chance, dear *Dolce*, thou we'rt found.

Now chang'd thy state!— *then*, hungry and forlorn,
Thy thread of life nigh broke, thou wand'r'dst wild;
Pelted by cruelty, and kick'd by scorn,
With cold half frozen, and with dirt defil'd.

Thou takest *now*, with fondest care receiv'd,
In *Milliora*'s arms thine envy'd rest;
Each longing gratified, each want reliev'd,
By all protect'd, and by all carest.

'Tis

'Tis thus that, crush'd beneath Fate's rigid sway,
Full many a Child of Poverty is seen ;
Indignant Fortune, in life's earliest day,
Checks their fond hope, and darkens ev'ry scene.

Ah ! unlike thee, they find no friend humane ;
Neglected and unwept their woes they bear ;
No sympathetic stranger sooths *their* pain,
Or whispers comfort to their sad despair.

No fost'ring hand their bitter wants supply,
They unregarded live, and unlamented die !

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

A PRAYER.

MAID of the streaming eye, and pallid cheek,
Haggard DISAPPOINTMENT, hear;
Thy gloomy altar will I seek,
To thee address my prayer.

Where'er thou art, to thee I call,
Thou bearer of th' inverted shield;
Who rid'st upon the vengeful ball,
Triumphant o'er the blood-stain'd field.

Who lov'st, amid youth's flower-strew'd way,
Surly, to take thy baneful stand;
Or, crouching, eager to destroy
Each hope his ardent fancy plann'd.

Whose giant form delighted bears
Its terrors o'er the western wave;
To feed upon the falling tears
Which dove-ey'd MERCY try'd to save.

There,

There, smiling when the felon scourge
 Inflicts the murd'ring wound ;
And when the stripes a groan can urge,
 Exultest in the sound.

Oh ! thou hast mark'd each prospect bright
 Which open'd on their view ;
And o'er the scene, malignant sprite,
 Thy with'ring mantle threw.

Wreath'd in the smiles of her I love,
 Trembling I've watch'd thine eye ;
To think thee distant often strove,
 Yet found thee always nigh.

Except, indeed, when anguish keen
 Essay'd to wound my aching heart,
Then only 'twas thou wast not seen ;
 Thou scorn'st to *ease* the dart.

Yet

Yet even there, perhaps, thou'rt found,
Lurking in Hope's enchanting drefs,
With fmile infidious, more to wound
The victim of diftrefs.

Oh! now my prospect brightens fair,
Far, DISAPPOINTMENT, fly;
Grant this my firft and only pray'r,
Blast not my coming joy.

Then at thy baneful, horrid fhine,
With rev'rence lowly bending down,
My future pleafure I'll refign,
And live beneath thy frown.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY SHENSTONE.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of your sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep:
Yet do not my folly reprove,
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone!

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a Nymph so complete would be sought
By a Swain more engaging than me.
Ah! Love, ev'ry hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the Nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She

PARODY.

YE scullions give ear to my lay,
And take no more care about sleep;
You have nothing to do but to play,
I have nothing to do but to weep:
Yet do not my folly reprove,
It was plump—and my passion begun;
Full of plumbs—and I could not but love;
Is demolish'd—and I am undone!

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a pudding so rich would be fought
By a glutton more hungry than me.
Ah! hunger each hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the rim of the dish we admire,
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone,
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter, in vain,
Amid Nymphs of a higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose!
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.

High

'Tis demolish'd, and I am undone :

Ye that witness the pangs I endure,
Let Prudence instruct you to shun
The pudding you cannot procure.
Beware how ye loiter, in vain,
Among scullions of higher degree ;
It is not for me to explain
How fat, and how saucy they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I have not got out of it yet
The scent that saluted my nose !
Yet time may diminish the pain,
The chop, cutlet, and white fricassée,
Which for them I have garnish'd, in vain,
May in time have temptations for me

The charms of a red-pimpled nose,
The flavour of porridge-pot steam,
The gravy which round the dish flows,
Henceforth shall be *Cormorants* theme.

High transports are shewn to the fight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

Oh! ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace,
I would vanish from every eye :
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove ,
With the same sad complaint it begun,
How she smil'd—and I could not but love ;
Was faithless—and I am undone !

Rich dainties are shewn to the fight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my pudding had known.

Oh ! ye cooks, ope your cupboards apace,
To their dustiest corners I fly ;
I would hide when I hear you say grace,
I would vanish from every eye :
Yet my voice shall resound tho' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun,
'Twas plumb-full—and I could not but love :
'Tis demolish'd—and I am undone !

TO HOPE.

OH! thou, that from the wild rock's height,
Woo'st the propitious gale
And fitt'st intent with eager sight
To catch the long-expected sail;
And each star's auspicious rise
Watchest with impatient eyes,
Mourning each passing cloud that shades the
ev'ning skies.

While *Fancy* oft delights to wave
The playful pennant to thy view,
From the terrific ocean's cave,
Floating on clouds of varied hue,
The visionary vessel to emerge,
And ride upon the swelling surge,
This moment seems,
While the next dissipates thy blissful dreams:
Yet *dark Despair* is not thy bosom's guest,
Some newly-pictur'd vision is carest,
Thy transient tortures o'er, and thou again art
blest'd.

Welcome,

Welcome, oh, welcome to my heart,
Lov'd daughter of the skies;
And, as the gusts of *Disappointment* rise,
Thy sov'reign aid impart;
Brighten each cheerless prospect to *my* eyes!
Fly not, thou sweet enthusiast, from *me*,
Do not *my* adverse fate *alone* deride;
Tho' dead to ev'ry joy beside,
Oh, let me be alive to thee!

Yon captive, on whose wasted form no gale
Has deign'd to blow for many a ling'ring day;
Who long has ceas'd the voice of friend to hail,
Who long has ceas'd to feel the solar ray;
Yet bending o'er his bed of tangled straw,
Resign'd to Fate's resistless law,
He ceases not thy influence to adore,
But dreams of blessings yet in store,
And thinks on days to come, when woe shall
be no more.

Tho'

Tho' the endearing vows of Love,
That won her virgin heart,
The artless maiden long has ceas'd to hear;
Yet doth thy inspirations oft remove
Her sad forebodings, and impart
Thy pleasing whisp'rings to her wistful ear.
The faithless youth again return,
Again with love his bosom burn;
She hears thee, dear deceiver, say,
The dawning of some happier day
Shall see him suppliant to her modest charms,
And she a blushing bride, encircled in his' arms.

What tho' thy promises are air,
Yet shalt thou have my votive pray'r:
Sooth, then, oh! HOPE, my hapless doom,
On my lorn mind thy lenient balsam pour,
As onward thro' life's wilderness I roam,
Tell my dejected mind of joys to come,
And speak, oh! speak of Heaven, of Virtue's only
home!

THE RETURN.

FROM THE EASTERN TO THE WESTERN IND',
NO JEWEL IS LIKE ROSALIND.

Shakespeare.

AGAIN fresh verdure decks the lawn,
Again with joy I hail the dawn,
Again with rapture burn ;
Day's Monarch scatters from his beams
The truant, Health, and wide proclaims
My ROSALIND's return.

She gives the landscape pow'r to charm—
Can Sorrow of her dart disarm,
And bring distress relief :
Her smiles, as Morning, cheers the rose,
Can long-lost peace restore, and close
“ The bleeding artery of grief.”

Rankling Jealousy, and Care,
Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair,
And all their frightful train ;
Beneath whose melancholy pow'rs
So late I pass'd my gloomy hours,
And sought relief in vain :

At

At her return, before her fly,
Chas'd by the lightning of her eye,
And scatter'd distant—far ;
As vapours which the Morning throws
From off the misty mountain's brows,
As onward rolls her car.

Lo ! like yon dewy Star, whose light
Sheds smiles upon the face of Night,
And wide its radiance flings ;
She comes to ease my troubled soul,
When doubts and fears across it roll,
With healing on her wings.

Like the mild dove, which erst went forth
From Noah to the farthest North,
The wat'ry waste explor'd ;
Returning from the desert track,
Bringing the joyful ensign back,
Of Happiness restor'd !

ODE

TO BEAUTY.

ENCHANTING Pow'r! whose forceful sway
The proudest hearts reluctant own,

Oh! come not, come not near!

I dread to bend before thy throne,

My pow'rs are lost, my reason's gone,

When, in the blaze of their display,

Thy dazzling charms appear,

Enchanting ev'ry sense, waking delight and fear!

Oh! pour not on my raptur'd ear,

These syren tones, divinely sweet;

Turn quickly from my aching sight

Those sparkling eyes of liquid light,

With love and tenderness replete;

Whose magic lightnings, sportive, dart

Athwart the burning mind, and vibrate thro' the
heart.

Whence

Whence spring those dear, delusive pains,
Which o'er each sense thus sweetly steal;
Glide swiftly thro' my glowing veins,
And wake the ecstasy I feel?
Oh! 'tis thy blissful sway,
Thy strong, but secret spell,
Thus steals me from myself away!
Thou only such delirium can'st inspire,
Thy snowy bosom's graceful swell;
Thy radiant eye's expressive fire,
Each silky ringlet's mazy curl,
Thy lips of loveliest red, thy teeth of luscious pearl!

Oh! come not, come not nigh,
Thou potent Empress of the Heart;
Quit not for me thy native sky:
I dare not woo thee to my arms,
Or gaze upon those seraph charms,
Which chain the captive Mind, and Reason's self
disarms!

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

TO A

SHEET OF PAPER.

SHALL my unhallow'd hand then dare to stain
Thy spotless leaves, thus lightly bath'd in gold;
Breathe o'er thy surface, in soft, plaintive strain,
A tale more wild than trembling Love ere told?

Or, to revive each sadly-pleasing scene,
Say, shall I waft thee to a foreign shore;
To dwell, alas! on times that once have been,
And pleasures past, and joys that are no more?

Or wilt thou whisper, in some softer hour,
My timid vows on Beauty's startled ear;
And mildly paint *Hope's* sweet, bewitching pow'r,
The eye's fond languish, and the hapless tear?

Oh, no;—let *Friendship* each gay wish receive,
Beware *Love's* silver tones, they charm but to deceive!

SONNET

SONNET

TO

MRS. SIDDONS.

'TIS not thy fascinating charms to trace,
 Thou sweet enchantress ! that I strike the shell ;
 'Tis not to paint each mild, attractive grace,
 That in thy polish'd form delights to dwell ;

Thy brilliant eyes, thro' Passion's maze that roll ;
 Thy piercing glance, the lightning of thy smile ;
 Thy magic tones, that thrill th' enraptur'd soul,
 And pale-ey'd Anguish of her grief beguile !

No, SIDDONS ! 'tis thy rich, creative mind,
 Thy bold conception of exalted thought,
 Which sportive wanders, free, and unconfin'd,
 Where'er *wild* FANCY holds her fairy court !

Oh ! may *real* sorrow ne'er thy bosom swell,
 Nor thou e'er *feel* those woes, which thou canst
feign so well !

SONNET

SONNET

TO

MISS HANNAH MORE.

FAV'RITE of Virtue, best belov'd of Heav'n,
 Thy worth sublime should prompt a sweeter lay;
 Should prompt such strains as are to Angels giv'n,
 And teach the soaring thought from earth to stray.

But, ah! 'twere vain!—thy merits court the shade;
 Careless of human love, or human praise,
 Thoud'st shrink to see thy mental charms pourtray'd;
 Far other fame thy soul superior sways.

Religion's peaceful empire to extend,
 To lure the wand'ring spirit to it's rest,
 Is thy kind task, thy being's aim and end:
 With this fond care is all thy soul possess.

Yet, tho' no earthly view thy hopes inflame,
 Thy country owns thy worth, and long shall love
 thy name.

F

THE

THE VOYAGER.

A SONNET.

THE homeward sailer, cradled in the shroud,
Heeds not the fury of the storm,
Tho' peals, in frequent thunders, loud
Roars round his shiv'ring form.

When high upon the giddy mast,
Rock'd by the gales of night,
Fearless he views the lurid blast,
Undaunted meets the fight.

Tho' DANGER threatens on ev'ry side,
And HORROR yawns below,
Sill HOPE, his flatt'ring, faithful guide,
Shoots thro' his heart a glow;

That once, those momentary perils o'er,
He meets his darling fair to part no more!

STANZAS

STANZAS,

INSCRIBED TO HER WHO BEST UNDERSTANDS THEM.

WHY, busy Thought, impatient of repose,
 Thus wander o'er the past sad source of pain,
 Whence all my sorrows, all my joys arose;
 Joys that are gone,—but sorrows that remain?

Alas! what mind, but thus delights to range;
 Exults to see, with mystic skill restor'd,
 The scenes, revers'd by Time's eventful change,
 Which most it lov'd—the days it most ador'd.

Hail! peaceful *Beddington*, sweethamlet, hail!
 Long shall thy name my inmost soul revere;
 E'en till life's latest hour shalt thou prevail,
 To bring to memory all my heart holds dear.

When *Harriot's* presence graced each heighten'd
 charm,
 Fraught with each sympathy which love inspires,
 I've strove, with earnest energy, to warm
 Her gen'rous bosom with congenial fires.

In thy lone church-yard, where, belov'd of Time,
The aged yew tree spreads it's fun'ral shade,
And *Death* seems pausing o'er the rude sublime,
Proud of the havock that himself has made ;—

Together, oft, at twilight's thoughtful hour,
In silent expectation have we stood,
To view the owl forth from her darksome bow'r
Sail slowly to the deep-embosom'd wood.

Oft, when the Moon, lorn spectre of the night,
Shed o'er the wide expanse her soften'd beam,
We've dwelt in converse of unmix'd delight,
On many a pleasing, many a plaintive theme.

Oh! *Memory*, on my musing mind retrace
The swiftly-fleeting joys which then I knew ;
Waft me, in vision, to that hallow'd place,
And give me back each moment as it flew.

Give

Give me, in Fancy's sweetest dream to rove
 O'er those high hills*, enthroning many a cloud;
 To roam the walk,† and tread the lonely grove,
 What time the sun his genial beams unshroud.

Oh! no,—*Reflection, Mem'ry, Fancy*, fly!
 Thy lov'd illusions I will woo no more;
 No more invoke thee from thy magic sky,
 Or bid thee o'er my mind thy transports pour.

Too long has Hope my flatter'd heart beguil'd,
 Too well her fond, but faithless, voice I know;
Despair's more welcome than her aspect mild,
 That lulls to ecstasy—but wakes to woe!

Oh! *Apathy*, at thy petrific shrine
 I bow, and court thy dull lethargic pow'r;
 Henceforth I'll bend me to thy sway benign,
 Thy opiate spell shall rule each future hour.

* Addington hills.

† Queen Elizabeth's Walk.

ELEGY

ON LEAVING RICHMOND.

ERE yon lov'd hills close ever on my view,
Ere I pursue my melancholy way,
Here let me pause, to take a sad adieu;
Here to *Maria* frame the parting lay.

Not that I quit reluctantly the bow'r
Of bright eyed Pleasure, and her laughing train;
Not that of Fashion I confess the pow'r;
Such light wing'd sorrows would disgrace the
strain.

Not that each modish beauty I resign,
And from the giddy town prepare to go;
I never worshipp'd at their tawdry shrine;
Their loss would never raise one note of woe.

'Tis that with thee, oh, *SHENE*! delight to dwell,
She who my heart's best energies can move;
'Tis that, while thus the sorrowing strain I swell,
I leave the cherish'd object of my love.

Oh!

Oh! ne'er a lovelier face or finer form,
From Nature's pencil, into being glow'd;
Ah! ne'er a heart more gen'rously warm
In virtues cause on mortal was bestow'd.

Tho' upon her cheek the vary'd rose
By Beauty's partial hand is amply giv'n,
Her breast no ignoble attendant knows;
Her soul is spotless as the souls of Heav'n.

Twick'nam, oft' shaded by thy classic bow'rs,
I've held sweet converse with the matchless maid;
Breath'd new confessions of her boundless pow'r,
As careless o'er the verdant lawns we stray'd.

Oh! when thy favourite Poet caught her mind,
What seraph music floated from her tongue:
Pope's softest numbers were by her refin'd,
And list'ning Rapture on her accents hung.

Oft, too, where *Thames'* busy waters lave
Thy mōssy skirts, and silent roll along,
Whilst the moon stoop'd to kiss the playful wave,
I've rais'd to her my love-inspired song.

Oh! I have known the more than mortal blifs
To live beneath the empire of her charms;
To steal, with chaste delight, the balmy kifs,
And press her trembling to my youthful arms.

Those hours are flown on Time's extended wing,
Hours that, without her, I can know no more,
Tho' Fortune all her glitt'ring treasure bring,
More e'en than poets paint the miser's store.

For tho' around me tides of pleasure roll,
Tho' Hope should light it's rapture in my eye,
Remembrance still would picture to my soul
Each vanish'd scene, and force the mournful sigh.

Queen

Queen of the solemn hour, whose lustre streams
Bright from thy ivory-axl'd car above,
Pillow'd on feath'ry clouds, thy early beams
Have witness'd all our mutual vows of love.

Say, does she still delighted roam those hills,
Where oft she listen'd to my ardent pray'r;
Does she still think of him her image fills,
Whose ev'ry happiness is center'd there :

Does she still sacred hold her early vow,
Pledg'd when her heart with Passion's flame was
warm ;
Or does her gentle bosom cease to glow,
And all that charm'd her once, now cease to
charm?

Echo, thou sweetest wood nymph, catch the sound
Which here I mingle with the vagrant air ;
Tell her how deep my heart's unpity'd wound,
My brightest hope how darken'd by despair !

Near

Near where my footsteps now imprint the sand,
Oh, Ocean, I conjure you, fear to come ;
And as your waves, returning, beat the strand,
Restrain the wild impetuous surges' foam :

Perhaps, when next she treads, this pebbled shore,
It may inform her why I linger here ;
And vivid Recollection then may pour
To my sad fate the tributary tear !

In vain I call upon the restless wave,
In vain solicit Echo's airy tongue :
No more for me her heart the sigh will heave,
Nor will she deign to listen to my song.

In vain this fond memorial do I leave
Imprinted on the border of the sea :
Why will deceiving fancy still believe
That she, by all ador'd, will live for me?

She ,

She, who is all imagination forms
Of *Love*, of *Beauty*, *Happiness*, and *Joy* !
Whose glance the most insensate bosom warms,
Whose form with rapture fixes every eye !

And must I leave her—leave those matchless charms?
For this I frequent heave the deep-drawn sigh,
That I am forc'd far distant from those arms,
The frowns of Fate and Fortune to defy.

Now *Dian*'s paly circlet wide displays
Dun *Night*, in mantle gemm'd with many a star,
Unlustrous borne upon the viewless breeze,
Slowly advancing in her shadowy car.

Dear maid, farewell; and tho' now doom'd to part,
And should we never, never meet again,
Thy darling image on my faithful heart
Will aye indelibly impress'd remain,

ELEGY

ELEGY

TO MARIA.

FAR from the arms of her I fondly love,
To woo coy Fortune from her deep retreat,
I go; but, ah! where'er I devious rove,
My heart with anguish will for ever beat.

Loud o'er my head the pealing thunder rolls,
Full on my sight the livid lightnings glare,
Down the rough steep the headlong torrent falls,
Giving e'en fiercer horror to Despair.

Ah! what's to me this elemental rage,
This crash of matter, and this warring world?
Conflicts like these can ne'er his fears engage,
Whose ev'ry Hope is from his bosom hurl'd.

Let those seek shelter, whom such storms affright,
And who, the tempest o'er, expect a calm;
I court those rushing gales which wake the night;
No change of season brings to me it's balm.

Long

Long from this heated heart has pleasure flown,
And long this head has ceas'd to find repose;
And many a tear this pallid cheek adown,
Proclaims a bosom tenanted by woes.

I love to roam the dwellings of the dead,
Mid'th their lone mansions to pursue my way;
To court the yew tree's melancholy shade,
And shroud me from the garish eye of day.

I seek thy gloomiest frown, majestic Night,
Thy step mysterious, and thy voice of fear:
Watch thy stern influence with unaw'd delight,
And listen to thy gales that sigh so drear.

I love to view thee, riding on the blast,
Pealing thy awful thunder's deepest roar;
On rocks to see the foaming billows cast,
And the storm roll along the distant shore.

Me

Me from deep Solitude's impervious shade
The world's enticements never shall recal ;
Were it's best gifts before my fight array'd,
I would not quit it to possess them all.

No, never ! tho' the gorgeous East display
Her ore refulgent, and her diamond's blaze,
Lustrous and dazzling as the Lord of Day,
Untempted on the venal wealth I'd gaze.

In vain should Friendship's soothing voice allure,
Or Flatt'ry exercise her forceful sway ;
Not even Beauty's energetic pow'r,
Tho' by love arm'd, should draw me back to day.

Ah ! cease this boast—should but Maria shew
Her lovely image on the desert plain,
This rebel heart, alas ! too well I know,
Would court it's former miseries again.

THE MUSE RECALLED.

CELESTIAL maid ! whose potent spell
Can to the ravish'd sense thy pow'r recal !
Ah ! when, at evening's modest gleam,
Thou steal'ft along the dark'ning vale,
To mark the swallow skim the silver stream ;

Or where the pensive primrose pale
Drinks the fresh fragrance of the gale,
Till, from her pillowy cloud, descends the Night,
And blended landscapes fail the fading sight ;

Or when the ethereal blue of morn
Allures thy pollish'd form to leave
The lovely scenes with Nature bath'd in dew, -
To pluck the wild rose from the weeping thorn :
From such delusive dreams, sweet maid, return ;
Return, and wake to life the tuneful lyre ;
Maria's worth can well thy power inspire,
Can animate the golden wire
To send forth sounds with harmony replete !
The trembling chords, so softly sweet,
Can charm to ecstasy the ling'ring hours,
Her skilful hand can call forth all it's pow'rs.—

Hark !

Hark ! whence arose that magic voice,
Which vibrates on my ravish'd ear!

- ‘ Behold that form, by heav’n approv’d,
- ‘ Whose gentle spirit virtue lov’d ;
- ‘ Behold that eye, whose glance benign
- ‘ Drew timid Genius from the cave of thought ;
- ‘ Whose look can animate, exalt, refine !
- ‘ Behold the Muse thou long hast fought,
- ‘ Whose tuneful lays thy inmost soul endear’d !’

The voice was lost in air, *Maria*’s self appear’d.

EASE.

AN EPISTLE FROM A COLLEGIAN AT OXFORD TO HIS FRIEND
AT CAMBRIDGE.

YOUR friend, a crazy son of rhyme,
Sends you, at length, this scrawl sublime,
Your letter has lain by me long,
I grant ye, this was very wrong ;
But, still, I see not where the use is,
To send a string of stale excuses ;
Behold an answer come at last,
Let that plead pardon for the past :
I'm sorry it came not before,
A thousand words could mean no more.

You ask me how I am, and where ?
What's *now* my study, what my care ?
What *new* pursuits my hours engage ?
How goes the law's impervious page ?
I tell thee, in reply, my brain
Is like a vast, extensive plain,
Which scarce a zephyr over blows,
Or ought occurs to discompose.

No objects now my passions seize,
 Know, *Ned*, I pay my court to—EASE.
 My soul unstrung, my mind undrest,
 I'm taking intellectual rest :
 The *otium cum dignitate*,
 Now supercedes all matters weighty ;
 The string must be relax'd, you know,
 Or else you risque to break the bow.
 Whistling away my graver looks
 I'll thumb no more your crabbed books ;
 Old *Plowden*, *Lyttleton*, and *Coke*
 (Whose very names my spleen provoke),
 And *Noy*, and half a hundred more,
 With all their dull black-letter'd lore,
 I give, unpitying, to the flames,
 My jaded mind their aid disclaims :
 My bed-maker may light my fire
 With *Keble*, *Bulstrode*, *Style*, and *Dyer* ;
 I'll pore no more with sapient phiz
 Over *Cro. Jac.* and *Cro. Eliz.*
 With otherguise employ each day,
 And *while* the passing hour away ;

Round

Round Christ-church meadow take a turn,
 Call at the *Star* the news to learn,
 Or careless lounge about the Quad
 Till-four—then take a gentle nod,
 While the shrill chapel-bell, for pray'rs,
 Rings it's dull summons in one's ears :
 Then with the wits of *Pembroke* dine,
 And take with *Merton men* my wine.
 While you, at distance from the courts,
 Nod, now and then, o'er *Coke's* reports,
 Or bite your lips, and make wry faces
 O'er arguments of special cases:
 E'en I myself, a witless dunce,
 Acknowledge to have done so *once*,
 But saw my folly in a trice,
 And, trust me, never did so *twice*.
 You soon will coincide with me,
 'Tis nonsense, in the last degree,
 To let a complicated train
 Of subtle reasoning vex your brain,
 And with *your* fund of native merit,
 And liveliness, and wit, and spirit,

To con dry folio's night and day,
 And stew your sense and soul away ;
 Attending at the stated hour,
 Without digestion, to devour
 Lectures of Logic or of Latin,
 On which the witless brain may fatten ;
 And, after all, to have your head
 Stuff'd, like a hollow tooth, *with lead*.
 I this auspicious moment seize on
 To preach, and bring you back to reason :
 Who, that the sweets of EASE might know,
 Such discipline would undergo ?
 So ill am I to care inclin'd,
 That, if the candle of *my* mind
 Would not send forth it's wonted light,
 But gleam obscurely and unbright,
 And burn, at every instant, thick,
 Unless as oft I trim'd the wick,
 And tended it with gentle puffing,
 And kept perpetually snuffing ;
 E'er I'd be teas'd with all this rout,
 At once, I vow, I'd snuff it out.

What,

What, let me ask thee, *Ned*, is Fame,
 That it should be so much thy aim ?
 We can live well enough without it ;
 Witness myself, who always flout it ;
 Because, convinc'd they greatly err,
 Who high renown to EASE prefer.
 It haps with half the learned race,
Fame does but publish their disgrace ;
 She has no favourite but feels
 Fell *Envy* coursing at his heels ;
 The proverb says (and *entre nous*,
 What proverbs say is very true),
 That after death the doctor comes.
 This truest of all apothegms,
 Aptly applies to *Fame*: you have
 No visit from her, till the grave
 Has powder'd all your bones to dust ;
 Then she proclaims you brave and just :
 Learning you had, and wit refin'd,
 Genius sublime, a noble mind :
 And then, e'en *Slander* sheaths her sword,
 And nods assent to every word.

Tho' Fate has doom'd me to the jar
 And clamour of the wrangling bar,
 Yet no equivalent of fees
 Shall tempt me to forego my EASE.
 I fain would, unperplex'd by strife,
 Tread the rough zig-zag path of life ;
 I bear away from critic jars,
 And virulence of verbal wars :
 I'd rather live where *Folly* dwells,
 Tinkling her cap strung round with bells,
 Than where your formal pedants sit
 The ghostly enemies of wit ;
 And book worms, with their cynic rules,
 Quoting the jargon of the schools :
 With such starch Dons to be confin'd,
 Puts a *strait waistcoat* on my mind.
 I graduated dunces flee ;
 No learned wife-acres for me.
 With all the tribe, the *gens barbare*,
 My patience is at open war.
 I love to see libations pour'd
 With freedom round the social board,

Where

Where Wisdom grave, and attic Wit,
 Joint regents of the table sit :
 I love, by eloquence refin'd,
 The polish'd intercourse of mind,
 But greatly loath the big pretence
 Of formal talk to solid sense ;
 The measur'd sentences that waddle
 With grave parade from empty noddle ;
 With shreds of classic lore, design'd
 To tinker up a tatter'd mind.—
 Let friendship's fascinating smile
 My every vacant hour beguile ;
 Honour I care not for, nor wealth ;
 Give me tranquility and health,
 And take all other earthly joys ;
 Take all life's baubles, rattles, toys,
 And every tinsel charm that rules
 Mankind, and fills the paradise of fools.

I pray you, shortly, let me know
 If *you* remain in *statu quo* ;
 And when you write, pray spare my failing,
 Your serious hints are unavailing :

This love of EASE, I can't forsake it,
 So if not giv'n me, must take it.
 While I am trav'ling life's dull road,
 I'd fain jog on without a *load* ;
 Or if my back a load must bear,
Chance, not *choice*, shall put it there.
 You, if you will, may rake and rove,
 And pay your due devoirs to Love ;
 But Love no more shall have *my* pray'rs ;
 Wine shall henceforth dispel my cares ;
 Shall every joyless thought repress,
 And give a zest to idleness :
 My heart, case-harden'd, shall not feel
 Those wounds that "*Time* can never heal."
 Grown, in the end, a little wise,
 I'm callous to love-darting eyes,
 And teeth of pearl, and pouting lip,
 Whence bees their luscious honey sip.
 With *Cupid* long at daggers drawn,
 (I wish the Imp had ne'er been born)
 His dart ne'er rankles in my breast,
 Disturbs my peace, or breaks my rest.

Never,

Never, to save my soul, could I
Flatter, entreat, and swear, and sigh,
And, patient, banquet all the while
On the spare diet of a smile.

As little, too, can I rehearse
My hopes and fears in plaintive verse ;
Full well you know, my *Muse*, sublime,
Is apt to go beyond her time ;
And, after all, tho' thus she tarries,
'Tis ten to one but she miscarries.
It so falls out, I know not why,
She seldom rears her progeny ;
Some fullen Fate's uncourteous spite
Destroys them e'er they see the light :
Some are still-born, some in their birth
Are strangled, and sent back to earth ;
The *Accoucheur's* unskilful aid
Kills some, and some are overlaid :
And then, such *times*, I do declare
The creature has, as never were ;
Such keenly-agonizing throes
As give no moment of repose ;

Such

Such twists, electric starts, and groans,
And whines, and mutt'rings, and moans—
And then, such *gettings up!*—I vow,
To paint the scene I know not how ;
Her suff'rings beggar all description,
Unless, indeed, I dealt in fiction.
To cut all short, and not abuse
Your patience more, the pregnant Muse
Ne'er got from my ungenial brains
More than her *labour* for her *pains*.

As luck will have it, you may doze
As well o'er poetry as prose,
Else might I fear 'twould move your spleen
When this unending scroll is seen.
But never mind, revenge yourself,
Replace your folio on the shelf,
And should it take you in the vein,
Write me ten times as much again.
This scrawl prolix has, heav'n knows,
Trespas'd enough on *my* repose :

I'll

I'll ne'er again repeat the crime,
Believe me, thus to prate in rhyme.
I've much to tell, but can't rehearse
The marrow of the tale in verse :
So, for the present, you'll dispense
With aught of *that* intelligence.
I'd feign be railing at the times,
But railing don't accord with rhymes ;
Besides, state matters don't perplex me,
I've long since ceas'd to let them vex me :
Our constitution's fall I fear not ;
Who's in or out of place I care not.
I will not sacrifice my EASE,
Or kings or ministers to please.
I give them neither praise nor blame,
Nor blacken, nor exalt their fame :
If they do well, why heav'n reward 'em ;
If they do ill, I disregard 'em :
Resolv'd, whatever way it goes
It shall not pester my repose ;

But

But I forget I'm pest'ring your's
While this wild fit of rhyme endures.
Hating, in friendship, to affect
Formal professions of respect,
I thus, at once to make an end,
Subscribe myself

Your

sincere friend.

EPIGRAMS,

EPIGRAMS,

&c.

EPIGRAM,

ON A VERY HOMELY BUT VAIN YOUNG LADY.

CELIA, why put *two* patches on ;
 Is it for ornament, or grace?
 Take my advice, wear only *one*—
 And let it cover all your face.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM,

WELL may'st thou dread, in this sad hour,
 The lightning's livid flash to feel,
 When to each strong *attractive* power
 You add, fair girl, a *heart of steel!*

EPIGRAM.

LOVELY Kitty, 'witching fair,
 Would every nerve of passion tear,
 And chain the captive soul,
 But Heav'n, in mercy to our fate,
 Decreed our peace a longer date,
 And made the thing *a fool.*

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM

OF MONS. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOUS sonneurs, fans Miserecorde !
Persecuteurs du genre humain,
Que in n'ayez vous au cou la corde,
Que vous tenez en votre main.

IMITATED.

OF Ringers, surely such a rascally band
Never yet did our patience perplex :
Would to heav'n the ropes which you hold in your
hand,
Were twisted full tight round your necks.

ANO.

EPIGRAM,

SUGGESTED BY A MAXIM OF THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

I'LL laugh at them that laugh at me, *Dick* cries;
Then you'll be always laughing, *Will* replies,

SENECA,

ILLI mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur sibi.

TRANSLATED.

WHEN Death's relentless dart is hurl'd,
What tenfold terrors must it own
To him, who, far'd throughout the world,
Dies, to himself unknown?

H

EXTEM-

EXTEMPORE.

WRITTEN ON A VOLUME OF MANUSCRIPT POETRY;

PRESENTED TO A LADY.

O HAPPY book! to whom 'tis giv'n
To catch that love-inspiring eye,
Which carries in its glance the heav'n
Of him, who must without her die.

Oh! could'st thou but, kind leaf, retain
One heav'nly smile she gives to thee,
E'er long I'd visit thee again,
And ease my soul of misery.

A SONG.

A SONG.

O LOVE! thou soft intruder, say,
Why hast thou thus my soul possess?
Why, thro' each vein, thus wildly play?
Why wound my bosom's envy'd rest?

Take from my heart thy magic spell,
Subdue each sadly-pleasing pain;
Each dear delusive hope dispel,
And give me to myself again.

And must I then each bliss forego?
Ah no!—thou subtle power divine
Let all thine heat within me glow,
But, touch that heart which conquer'd mine.

A BALLAD.

TO languish, to sigh, and complain,
In sorrow to wear out my days,
Ne'er to hope a relief from my pain,
Is my doom, from thy conquering eyes!

Tho', cruel, you kill with a frown,
Your charms are so fix'd in my mind,
That I bend 'neath your tyranny down,
And fear to complain you're unkind.

Could but Reason persuade me to fly,
And banish you far from my heart!
But, alas! she illumines your eye,
And sharpens the point of its dart.

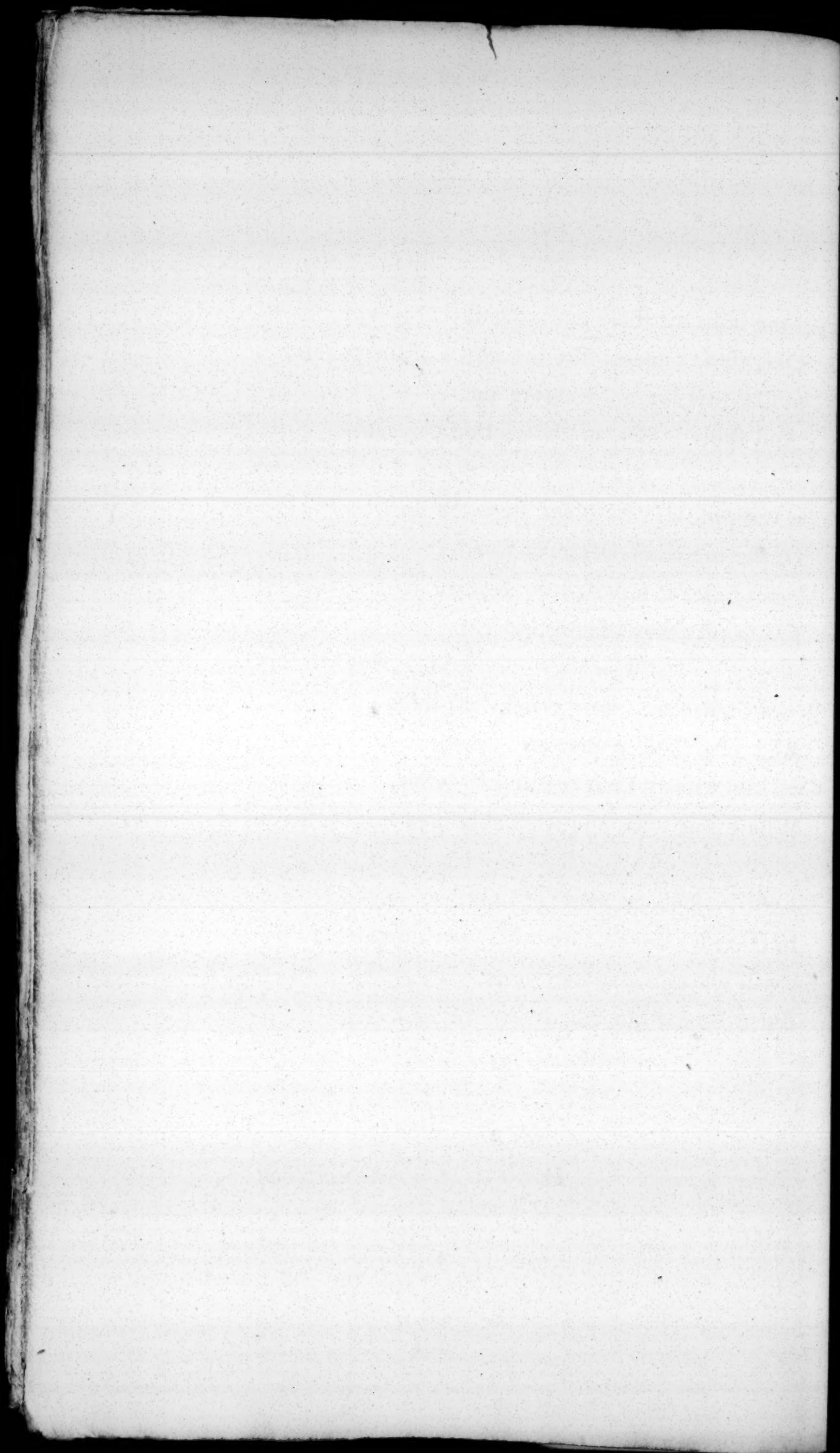
Do not bid me, then, cease to adore,
And not breathe the soft accent of Love;
Not to speak of my passion no more,
Tho' you may not its ardor approve.

Bid me not quit those eyes, darting fire,—
Quit those cheeks, like the down of the peach ;
Lips like rose leaves, creating desire,
And those smiles, no description can reach.

The vanquish'd, who bleed from the dart
Of the merciless victors of war,
Are not suffer'd, unheard, to depart,
Ere to pity they offer a pray'r.

Be not thou, then, more cruel than those ;
Ah ! pity those pains you inspire ;
Give him ease, who is tortur'd by woes,
Who burns with unquenchable fire !

She will!—she's an angel of light !
In Heav'n's image, sure mercy must dwell !
She will not abandon him quite,
But will hear him his misery tell.



SONNETS,

&c.

H 4

SONNET,

TO THE PRIMROSE.

SWEET, early Promiser of spring,
That bloom'ft in Sorrow's humble vale,
I love to view thee mildly fling
Thy perfume to the vagrant gale.

I've mark'd thy smiles, when Morn display'd
Thy brighter beauties to the eye;
Have seen thy tears, when Evening's shade
Cloath'd thy pale leaf with softer dye.

Thus does the morn of mutual love
Spread o'er the soul its livelier glow;
Thus we behold the moisten'd tear
Down Sorrow's snowy bosom flow:
When plighted love proves insincere,
Then 'tis we feel the force of woe!

IMITA-

IMITATION OF A SONNET

OF

PETRARCH.

NOT less the playful magic of thy mind,
Than its deep pathos, has the pow'r
To bear my sorrows to the wind,
In Fate's severest hour.

Oh, were I thrown where tygers howl,
Where the sun darts his burning beams;
Or, shiv'ring near the frozen pole,
Where summer's radiance never streams;

Or rack'd upon the torturing wheel,
Or gall'd by Slavery's murd'rous chain;
My soul, mid't every pang, would feel
Thy glowing charms, and scorn its pain.

Bless'd with thy smile, 'gainst every evil strive,
But thy dread frown I never could survive!

SONNET.

SONNET.

BLEAK o'er the barren heath the north blasts
blow,

And loud the thunder rolls along the sky;
Onward I wander, still the child of Woe!
And all the horrors of the storm defy.

Soothe of care, sweet *Hope*, in life's gay morn
Thou strewest roses on my gladsome day;
No more, as erst, thy smiles my steps adorn,
No more, as once, thou cheer'st me on my way.

But, in thy stead, I greet the fiend *Despair*,
And *Grief*, with folded arms and look resign'd;
Hence, vain delusive joys, my breast I bare,
And bid your utmost terrors fill my mind:

Blasts, blow ye on—*Storms*, rage without controul;
What are ye to the tempest of my soul!

STANZAS.

STANZAS.

WILL haggard *Disappointment* low'r
 For ever o'er my prospects fair?
 And *Melancholy* shade each hour
 With the dark pencil of Despair?

When will the wand'rer, *Hope*, return
 To glad again this beating heart?
 When shall this breast no longer mourn
 Its deep-felt wounds from Mis'ry's dart?

How happy he whose easy hour
 Is lighted by the star of Love,
 Who lives beneath its golden pow'r,
 Whose bounded wishes never rove;

Tho' Fortune ne'er with him abides,
 And summer friends grow cold, and fly
 The roof where Poverty resides,
 Seeking a brighter, warmer sky,

Than

Then he, whose only hope is Love,
Whose peace is in his fair-one's breast;
To that he flies, and, like the dove,
Finds shelter, and defies the blast.

SONNET

SONNET.

LET others seek for glitt'ring ore,
And bend at Fortune's varying shrine ;
To swell th' accumulating store,
Live mid't the vapours of the mine.

Let Commerce scour the billowy deep,
And mad Ambition plume the war ;
Let pining Avarice court his heap,
And the mock Patriot seek the star.

Me other joys delight : let Love
Around my heart his magic spread,
By Fancy's glowing fingers wove :
Oft wove, alas ! too soon to fade.

In such delightful dreams I'll waste each day,
Till life and all it's fleeting joys decay.

SONNET.

SONNET

TO FRIENDSHIP.

O THOU, to whom is giv'n the pow'r
To sooth the furrow'd brow of Care ;
Whose smile can cheer the gloomiest hour,
And light the dungeon of Despair :

Thy arm can soften Slavery's chain,
The lucid tear of Rapture start ;
Give the rude tenant of the desert plain
The noblest transport of the feeling heart.

E'en *Love's* rapt votary owns thy sway ;
Tho' blest with her his soul ador'd,
Sighs for the social hour, the converse gay,
Where thou presidest at the board.

Oh, if by thee such magic is possess'd,
Hasten and sooth the sorrows of this breast.

SONNET.

SONNET.

WHY does blind Folly heedless cry?
To Sentiment is only giv'n
The rapt'rous thought, the swelling sigh,
To taste a sublun'ry heav'n.

Oh, could the sons of Dulness know
The pangs that tear the feeling heart,
When venom'd *Slander* aims a blow,
Or broken Faith direct its dart.

When *Friendship*, once so warm, grows cold,
And *Love* betrays her sacred trust;
These truths to Folly's children told,
Would shew the man of feeling curst.

Give me, to waste my future day
With easy, calm Tranquility.

SONNET

SONNET,

TO A FRIEND.

OH, thou, who from Despair's dark strand
My woe-struck, shatter'd bark hast sav'd;
Guid'ft it with Friendship's steadying hand,
When late the tempest rav'd:

When Passion o'er each accent hung,
And fram'd the artless pray'r;
And Love, the Syren flatt'rer, sung,
Thou bad'ft the song beware.

Caution'd by thee, I spread my sails,
And quit the dang'rous shore;
Now, safe and under milder gales,
I'll dare the storm no more.

Thy gen'rous kindness well demands these lays,
And gratefully my heart the tribute pays.

SONNET.

MARY, the magic of thy soft controul
Five tedious years my heart has prest;
In sorrow and in bliss my anxious soul
This ray of Hope possess—

That, sometime, Fortune's fickle star
Would light me on to Love and thee;
And tho' by Fate divided far
At length reward my constancy.

The hasty tale, which late I breath'd
Into thy list'ning ear,
(My heart, of all its hope bereav'd)
Was prompted by Despair.

Too much this anxious beating heart
The pains of absence knew,
Again to risk a cold depart,
An unexplain'd adieu!

SONNET.

'TIS past—the pleasing vision's fled,
 The dream no longer cheats my ravish'd eye;
 The clouds, that late collected o'er my head,
 Now darkly deepen on the lurid sky.

Tho' you amid the storm can stand
 Unmov'd, and calmly view the wreck;
 In cold philosophy extend your hand,
 And “keep the ruby on your cheek;”

No adamant shield protects my heart,
 Dull Apathy has ne'er disgrac'd her seat;
 She feels her right at woes to start,
 And own her sorrows, when they wildly beat.

Can I, then, bid the burning tear to cease,
 When losing thee so deeply wounds my peace!

SONNET.

SONNET.

WHY twines the Serpent of Despair,
Thus cold, around my heart?
Why thus unbidden falls the tear?
Why goads Affliction's dart?

But, that I'm doom'd to see,
Distress'd, thy fatal charms;
And to reflect the heavens decree
Another to your arms!

Tho' Fate deny us bliss to know,
And Death the lips of Love may seal,
Friendship may yet a balm bestow
To wounds, no ruder hand can heal.

Oh, then, my sorrows to remove,
Give me thy Friendship, pure as Love!

TO MARIA.

WHY will *Maria*, cruel, still believe
That my firm truth will ever know decay?
Oh, let th' unwelcome thought no longer grieve—
Chase such intrusions from thy breast away!

Sooner shall Philomela quit her gloom,
And carol, jocund, to the day's bright beam;
Sooner the Miser leave his heaps, his home,
And riot wild in Dissipation's stream:

Sooner yon orb of fire forget to shine,
Forfake his annual course around the world;
The moon her wave-compelling power resign;
And every star be into darkness hurl'd!

When my love proves not to *Maria* true,
Then must my heart's warm stream forget to flow.

THE following Ode of the PASSIONS, which has procured so much and such deserved celebrity to the name of *Collins*, has been noticed to omit the passion of LOVE, which, perhaps, affords of all others the most ample scope to the powers of affecting and appropriate description. Could such an omission be reasonably imputed to an inability in the Poet to delineate the features of a passion at once so common and so sublime, the following attempt would never have appeared. No one, however, that is conversant with the writings of that elegant and plaintive Poet, will ascribe its omission to any such cause; but whatever may have occasioned it, the difficulty is not lessened to any effort which may be made to supply the deficiency. The present Writer, having some time since thrown together a few lines on the subject, has here ventured to submit them, with the utmost diffidence, to the public eye. Could he catch ought of that tenderness of Feeling, or warmth of Fancy, which pervades the Ode itself, he would with infinitely less re-

luctance have contrasted the humble Effusions of his own Muse with the elegant and expressive sweetness of those Numbers he has aimed, he fears, so ineffectually to imitate.

The Passion of SCORN, it will be seen, is likewise added; it having been thought that its introduction would give the Poem a more finished appearance. The present endeavour to represent it may, perhaps, have the merit of suggesting the idea to some happier talent, better qualified to do it justice.

THE PASSIONS. AN ODE.

WHEN MUSIC, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd refin'd:
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for MADNESS rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next ANGER rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan DESPAIR,
Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou ! oh, HOPE, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on ECHO still through all the song ;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And HOPE, enchanted, smil'd and wav'd her golden
hair,

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,

REVENGE

REVENGE impatient rose ;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected PITY, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of fight seem'd
Bursting from his head.

‘ With look of mingled smile and frown,
‘ Leaving his stately place,
‘ With port erect, and measur'd pace,
‘ Affected SCORN came down:
‘ With haughty hand he struck the lyre,
‘ Nor staid its solemn chords among,
‘ But instant, as the slight-struck wire

Sent

‘ Sent forth its dulcet sound,
 ‘ Rais’d his disdainful lip, and threw it to the
 ground.

‘ Scarce did the glitt’ring chords their cadence close,
 ‘ When LOVE, sweet smiling rose,
 ‘ Array’d in Beauty’s pride;
 ‘ He to the harp his timid hand apply’d,
 ‘ And wak’d its seraph strain;
 ‘ The am’rous Echoes catch th’ ecstatic notes,
 ‘ And as on the impatient air
 ‘ The symphony celestial floats,
 ‘ Vie the wild warblings longest to retain;
 ‘ The Graces dance in sprightlier round,
 ‘ And print with lighter step the ground.
 ‘ All Nature seems with livelier warmth to glow;
 ‘ Fresh myrtle binds each polish’d brow,
 ‘ And swifter fly the circling hours:
 ‘ The *ruder Passions* footh’d, amaz’d
 ‘ Confess his more than mortal powers:
 ‘ With wild unsteady eye they gaz’d;

‘ And

† And, as to the sapphire skies
 † Theliquid notes transportive rise,
 † With momentary rapture own
 † Their tort'ring sceptre broke, their potent empire
 gone !'

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
 Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale MELANCHOLY fat retir'd,
 And from her wild, sequester'd seat,
 In notes, by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 stole ;

Or

Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
 (Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,)
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how alter'd was it's sprightlier tone,
 When **CHEARFULNESS**, a nymph of healthiest
 hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunters' call, to Faun and Dryad known .
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd Queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown *Exercise* rejoiced to hear,
 And *Sport* leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came JOY's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address,
 But soon he saw the brisk, awak'ning viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.

They

They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kifs'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Oh! MUSIC, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why, to us deny'd,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power ;
Thy mimic soul, oh, Nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard,
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !

Thy

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page.
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

And

And now,

- “ SWEET POETRY, thou loveliest maid,
“ Still first to fly where *wordly cares* invade,
“ Unfit, in these degenerate days of shame,
“ To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame :
“ Dear charming Nymph, neglected and decry'd,
“ My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
“ Thou source of all my bliss, of all my woe,
“ That found'st me poor at first, and keeps me so ;
“ Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
“ Thou nurse of ever virtue, fare thee well !





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